

This is Wrong

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Disclaimers: the usual..gotta love CC and 1013...I'm only sixteen - please just let me write!!!

Summary: Scully resists a second calling and goes to Mulder for help - takes place somewhere in middle of Seventh Season (considering Mulder was never abducted *sobs*)

Classification: umm..MSR..the usual stuff :)

Rating: PG-13

Author's Note: I love feedback! Anything will do!
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Spoilers: hmm..some Red and Black, Patient X...One Son, possibly...

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She was nervous, scared out of her mind, actually. Her hands and body shook with frightened tremors as she took a step nearer his door in the darkened hall. The familiar brass-plated forty-two now looked eerily strange to her clouded eyes of blue flames, casting jagged shadows from its sharp edges in the dim light. She lifted a small, trembling fist to knock, willing her body to move. But she could not go to him any more than she could deny the odd, searing sensation throbbing at the back of her neck.

She stifled a choked sob and turned away, knowing where she must go, yet not knowing at all.

"Scully?"

She whirled around to see him leaning in the doorway, concern in his transparent hazel eyes. His hair was in disarray and he was in his pajamas. He must have been sleeping, judging by the grogginess he fought from his eyes and the relaxed expression that had too quickly been replaced by bemused concern.

She turned and started to quickly walk away, her thoughts irrational and lost in a torrent of fear that overtook her usually cool and pacified demeanor. She couldn't let him see her like this, a little voice said in the back of her head. But it was lost with a thousand other messages that threatened to control her and her actions.

"Scully, what's wrong?" he said, his voice still thick with sleep as he approached her.

She started to speak, trying to form a coherent sentence to abate his worry, but she found herself babbling, almost hysterical as she hurried her steps.

He overtook her in two long strides and grabbed her right arm, pulling her around to face him. She jumped at the contact and met his stare. His eyes held a question and his voice a mixture of fear and concern.

"Scully? What's wrong? What is it?" his voice was deep, hoarse to her ears.

"I don't know...I can't..." she couldn't find words to tell him the things she was feeling. "I have to go, Mulder...I shouldn't have come..." She felt like crying.

"Have to go where? Are you OK?" he asked, not letting up on his steely grip.

She moved as if to speak, but no sound escaped her parted lips. Her blue eyes brimmed with crystal tears. He moved closer to her, his face inches from hers so that he could feel her short breaths on his stubbled cheek.

"What is it, Scully?" he asked gently, his eyes boring into hers. "Talk to me..."

She took in a shaky breath and looked deep into his eyes, trying to show him what she could not express with words.

"I don't know....I'm scared, Mulder," she whispered against him, eyes wide. "I'm scared."

He led her back to his apartment, one hand in hers and the other guiding her by the small of her back. He noted that she was wearing the same black and white outfit that he had seen her in yesterday at the office when he had sent her home. She had looked so tired. And she had been so listless that day, off in another world, it seemed.

_ "I just haven't been sleeping well lately," she said after some hesitation._

_ "Nightmares?" he asked, knowing all too well how those could erase any want of sleep._

_ "No..." she said, not finishing her sentence. "I can't explain it. I guess I'm just a bad insomniac," she had smiled then, and he had touched her hand and returned the smile, quipping as he retrieved her jacket from the coat tree._

_ "It takes practice. Go home. Sleep. I'll call you tomorrow."_

Mulder pushed these thoughts from his mind and returned his attention to Scully. Her cheeks were flushed and her soft, red hair fell wildly around her pale face. Her hands were icy as he led her into the depths of his apartment. She was still trembling.

"Scully, you're shaking...do you feel all right?" he asked softly, bringing her eyes to meet his with the sound of his voice in the dark room.

She shook her head, No, and he sat her down on the couch.

"Are you sick?"

Another shake of the head, her eyes averted.

He ran his hands over his face and through his hair, trying to think of what to do. He knelt down in front of her and lifted her chin with his hand so that he could look into her eyes. So that he knew she could understand and hear him.

"Listen to me, Scully," he started gently, his tone soothing and father-like. "I'm going to take you up to your Mom's for a little while and then-"

"No! They'll find me there...you don't understand!" she cut him off, standing immediately and starting for the door.

He bolted up and slammed the door shut just as she opened it, turning her by her shoulders and pinning her to the wall.

"_Who?!_" he demanded in a harsh whisper, not letting her move under his weight. "Let me understand, Scully...who'll find you?"

She was silent, unable to meet his gaze, gripping his arms in the darkness.

"You don't want to go to your mom's...do you wanna stay here?" he asked, searching for something that would appease her. To his surprise she almost laughed.

"No..this is the first place they'd look," she whispered through a forced smile, then, "I shouldn't have come."

The tears now flowed freely down her porcelain cheeks and quiet sobs racked her frame. He pulled her into his arms and buried his head in

her neck, his lips by her ear.

"Whatsamatter?" her mumbled as she cried against him.

"Help me," she said softly, her voice muffled in his shoulder. "Help me, Mulder."

He pulled away from her to see her face.

"How?"

She thought for a moment, a nervously spoke. "We need to leave...to go somewhere where they can't find me. They're coming."

He bit his lower lip and thought, her last words lingering in the air like storm clouds on the horizon waiting to unleash a storm at any moment.

"OK," he finally said. "I know a place where we can go...I'll take care of everything," he spoke, squeezing her hand reassuringly. "It's gonna be OK."

This is wrong. This is wrong. This is wrong. The words repeated in her head over and over again like some kind of premonitory mantra. She shouldn't be here. She shouldn't have gone to him. It could end up hurting them both. _This is wrong._

"Scully?" his light touch and soft words startled her from her position at his window, absently watching the stars through the clouds, she quickly turned.

"It's just me," he said, lowering the arms that she had raised in protection. "I've got your overnight bag in the car," he said, leading her out of the room and towards the door, "and Frohike says he'll call your mom tomorrow. We can leave now, if you want," he added, watching her for any inkling that might give him a clue as to what was scaring her so.

She nodded wearily and let him guide her out of the apartment building and to the car. Every muscle in her screamed at her to run. Run far away. _Get away and follow like you're supposed to._ She stopped suddenly, furrowing her brow.

"Mulder, I can't," she said, her voice pleading. "I can't...I shouldn't be here. I have to go."

"You're not going anywhere with out me," he answered simply, firmly gripping her arm and opening the car door.

The dome light flooded the car with illumination and he could finally see how frightened she was. He sat her down and fastened her seat-belt, closing the door and going around to the driver's side. She wasn't the only one who was scared.

They drove in silence for almost an hour, Mulder taking extra precaution not to be followed, even though the dark, slick streets were almost deserted at the late hour. He still didn't know who Scully was so afraid of, but it gave him comfort to know that she had

come to him for protection. He glanced over at her now, watching her breath form a small patch of condensation on the window that she leaned against, visibly exhausted. He'd never seen her so unraveled, so hysterical, so vulnerable. They had seen so many horrible things, and it frightened him to imagine what might scare her so. He looked back to the road and found that a soft, consistent rain had begun to pitter patter against the windshield, streaks of lightning in the distance. He turned off his lights and turned into a dark alley way, parking in the shadows. He cut the engine and popped the trunk, turning to his partner.

"Scully, we're here."

She looked up, dazed, and was startled to see that the trip had gone so fast. Mulder opened the door for her and they made their way up a darkened stairway wet with rain. Mulder fumbled with some unfamiliar keys and opened the door before them, shaking the rain from his black leather jacket as he stepped in and ushered Scully through the door.

She was silent, and it worried him. She was so distant, so haunted. He switched on a lamp and cast a soft light through the small room. It was an apartment, but more resembled a hotel with the neat, clean furnishings and hospital corners on the bed coverings in the room adjoining. It smelled slightly musty, showing a neglect of recent use, and the air was chilly. He set down the two duffel bags he carried and dead-bolted the door. Scully just stood there in the center of the room, unable to think, to act. He walked down a short hall and found the bath. Returning to Scully in the living room and opened her bag and removed some pajamas.

"Scully, why don't you change into these dry clothes," he suggested, leading her by the arm to the bathroom. "I'll put on some tea. Are you hungry?"

She didn't respond.

"Scully?"

Her head jerked up and she realized he had been talking to her. She shook her head, No, and nervously took the folded clothes from his hands, entering the harsh lighting of the bathroom and avoiding his eyes. He left the door ajar and went to the kitchen to make the tea, his mind a constant tide of trepidation and bewilderment. He set the water to boil and searched through the nearly bare cupboards for some mugs. He set two on the small Formica countertop and walked to go retrieve Scully.

"Scully?" he said, rapping slightly against the door with his knuckles as he entered.

She had removed her shoes and her knee-length black skirt, but still wore her white, button-up blouse. He was about to apologize and retreat when he realized her problem. Her small white hands were trembling so much that she could not unbutton her own shirt. A pang of compassion and what could only be described as love ripped through his heart. She would never ask for help, not his Scully. But she had already done so tonight, hadn't she? He stepped fully into the small

room and once again tipped her chin up.

"I can't..." she started futilely, softly, her hands shaking uncontrollably near the top button.

"Shhh," he murmured, drawing closer and stilling her hands with his own. "'S'ok, Scully. Let me."

She stayed with his eyes, trusting completely as his large, skillful paws released her hands and his long fingers began slowly undoing the bottom button of her blouse. He gently worked his way up, his eyes never leaving hers. He finished the top button and slowly ran his hands down the edges of the shirt, pulling it away from her and delicately down and off of her smooth, white shoulders, throwing it in the pile with the rest of her clothes. She now stood before him merely in her underwear, matching and in black satin. He let out a ragged breath and couldn't stop himself from reaching out and touching her soft shoulders, her back. He traced her spine with light fingertips and ran his other hand down her side, whispering over her skin. He wanted to kiss her lips, full and soft. He saw that her beautiful blue eyes had fluttered shut and her lips were bright red and moist. He was losing control. He dipped his head to her collarbone and breathed against her neck. God, she smelled good. His lips trailed her neck, hovering over her racing pulse. He stopped.

This is wrong.

He shouldn't be doing this. Not now - when she was so vulnerable, needing him so much, but not like that. All right, not only like that. He pulled away and took a deep breath, careful not to look at her that he might stay in control of himself. Her eyes opened slowly and she searched his, reading what only she could from his hazel orbs. She lost herself in those eyes.

"Um..I..I'll let you change," he said softly, nervously jumping when the whistle on the tea kettle went off.

She nodded slightly and shut the door, her heart still pounding in her chest. She quickly slipped on the small gray tee shirt and old cotton pajama pants, unable to calm the dizzying thoughts spinning round in her head. She left the small room and walked into the bedroom, seeing how Mulder had already set their bags down and had pulled back the covers on the bed. A smile tugged at the corners of her mouth and she was glad to be there with him.

Suddenly, the terror which had so gripped her before found her once more. She gazed out of the window and saw five stars, stars that jumped out and assaulted her every sense, compelling her to go - to leave. Her fingertips touched the cool glass and she again felt the sensation at the back of her neck, a dull ache, a simple command.

All at once, she found herself crying and crushed against Mulder's chest for what seemed like years. She didn't know how long he had been watching her, or how long she had been at the window, but she was so tired...so tired...

"Scully, c'mere," he said gently, moving her towards the bed, forgetting the tea that was by now cold in the other room.

She complied silently and was not at all surprised when he climbed in next to her, covering them up with the soft blankets and pulling her so close that she rested on his chest, solemnly listening to his heartbeat and feeling the rise and fall of his chest. Her eyes began to feel heavy, and for the first night in some time, she welcomed sleep.

It was somewhere near six in the morning when his trained ears heard the sharp rapping of a fist against the wood of the front door. It only took him a moment to remember where he was and why it was that Scully was in bed with him. He moved slowly, so as not to wake her. She made a soft noise in her throat and moved as if to wake, but he quickly put a finger to her lips and told her to keep sleeping.

"..time is it?" she murmured, her voice slurred and thick.

"Shhh..doesn't matter. Go back to sleep," he replied softly, relieved when her eyes remained closed and her breathing resumed its deep and even rhythm.

His pulse quickened. What if they people Scully had been afraid of had found them? He swiftly grabbed his gun off of the kitchen countertop where he had left it and cautiously opened the door, surprised to see Assistant Director Skinner standing before him, looking wet and miserable. He was taken aback by the sight but quickly regained his composure.

"Sir...What are you doing here? How did you get this address?" he asked, puzzled by his appearance.

The man looked genuinely worried, his glasses not masking the concern in his eyes. He glanced around suspiciously and finally spoke.

"I was given this location by an acquaintance of yours..." he trailed off.

Frohike will die, Mulder thought bitterly. He was about to say something to that effect when Skinner spoke again.

"Agent Mulder," he said, uncomfortable, an unreadable emotion behind his words "is Agent Scully with you?"

"Yes," he said simply, not sure of where Skinner would go with this. "She's sleeping."

It was as if an invisible weight was lifted from the man's shoulders before his very eyes. Skinner sighed and closed his eyes for a moment.

"I'm very glad to hear that, Mulder," he breathed.

Mulder was puzzled.

"I don't understand, Sir...what is it that you came here for?" he asked, needing clarification of some sort.

"Agent Mulder," he replied, recollecting himself and taking on his usual attitude of authority, "I think it would be best if you came with me. There's something I think you should know about."

Mulder nodded a little and said, "I'll get Scully. We can be ready in twenty minutes," and started to turn around when Skinner stopped him with a hand to the shoulder.

"Actually...I don't think this is something that Scully should see right now. I think it would be best if just you came."

The look of utter seriousness in Skinner's eyes told Mulder that he had Scully's best interest in mind. He accepted this information slowly and nodded.

"I'll be down in a minute."

Skinner nodded and went back outside, the rain not relenting in the early morning grayness.

He sat at the edge of the bed and moved an errant lock of fiery hair from her face with careful fingers. He touched her cheek and her eyes slowly opened, focusing on him seconds later and smiling.

"Scully...there's somewhere I have to go. I'll try not to be long," he whispered as she sleepily turned to face him.

"Where are you going?" she asked softly, yawning through her words.

"There's something Skinner wants me to see...Are you OK by yourself?" he asked, searching her eyes, her soul, for the truth.

She nodded, Yes.

"I feel fine now," she said, somehow ashamed as she recalled last night and her unguarded emotions.

"If you need anything," he stressed, "I'll have my phone. Or you can call the guys - I've got them standing by in case you need or want anything, k?" He paused, stroking her hair softly. "You should go back to sleep, it's still early."

She smiled softly and took a deep breath. He stood to leave and she couldn't stop herself from speaking.

"Mulder..."

He came back to her side.

"Thank you."

He smiled and leaned close to her, kissing her softly, briefly and then he was gone.

This is wrong, he thought, feeling sick to his stomach and willing

it all to be some terrible nightmare. He'd never thought he'd have to see this sight again - the charred remains of helpless victims. Never thought he'd have to smell it again - the sour stench of burnt flesh and hair. The dizzying mixture of smoke and rank death made him want to vomit. He remembered now and cursed himself for being so daft, so slow to realize what it was that Scully had been afraid of. They had called her again - and she had resisted. She had gone to him instead of being led to her death and burnt alive, incinerated. He could hardly breathe knowing that one of the black, twisted skeletons that seemingly writhed in reeking death could have been her. His Scully. Skinner had been right not to have her here. She didn't need to see this now - no person should ever be subjected to this horror twice, let alone once. All he wanted was to get back to her, to hold her and know she was alive, to know that she had chosen him over death.

"Sir...if you don't need anything further I think that I'll be going," he said to Skinner, who had just finished talking with a group of local officials.

He nodded and said, "Good. Give Agent Scully my regards," he said properly, staring him down.

Mulder knew exactly what he meant.

"Scully?" he called out, letting himself in with his key and glancing about for her.

She emerged from the bathroom in a billow of steam, her hair damp and wrapped in a white terrycloth robe. She looked much better, the color having returned to her cheeks. She was calm. Beautiful.

"Hi," she said quietly, walking towards him.

He watched her move and was suddenly overcome by the image of what might have been - her body burnt and blackened, her red hair singed to nothing. He blinked and saw her standing next to him, worry in her diamond eyes, her hair soft and wet, her skin anything but burnt. He felt unshed tears stinging his eyes and he pulled her into his arms, happy that she did not try to pull away from him. She wrapped her arms tightly around his waist and melted into him.

"Scully..." he whispered, his voice rough and low. "I love you. I need you to know that..."

"I know," she answered into his chest.

He bent his head to meet hers and found her lips, needing her, wanting to show her all that mere words were not capable of.

"Mulder," she said languidly, head resting on his chest while he somnolently traced invisible patterns on the soft skin of her back.

"Hmm?" he replied, half asleep in the dark of the bedroom.

"They're all dead...aren't they?" she said, more of a statement than a question.

His tracing stopped and she lifted her head to meet his eyes, they were filled with torment and a soft answer.

"Yes."

"They'll come for me now...I'm the last one," she said, a familiar fear rising into her voice. "They'll come and take me again and I'll nev-" He cut her short, quickly shifting positions so that he could look into her eyes once more.

"I won't let them get anywhere near you, Scully. I'm not gonna let them get anywhere near you," he repeated, softly kissing her forehead and eyes.

He tasted her tears and held her to him tightly, still reveling in the wonder of her.

"I love you, Mulder," she said softly, snaking her arms up and around his neck.

He smiled and kissed her neck, nuzzling softly her warm skin.

And they drifted off to sleep again, holding and knowing their own truth and thinking one thought before their thoughts entered oblivion. _This is right._

End

End
file.